

**Veritas**

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## **IB Sampson**

The Advanced Placement and Inter baccalaureate warrior,

Spittin lyrical miracles, but they don't want to hear it though!

Nation of complacent life support saints, worshipping at existentialism's

temple. They made the Nazarite cut his locks. Holding to the played out assumption

that the power was in his locks.

Sanctified (Set apart) to God from Birth as He will be used as a tool for

deliverance.

The Hung Hero looking for the perfect fit found zero among his people. His

desire for the flesh was from the Lord. Parents didn't know.

Tore the lion to pieces in secret. "Out of the Eater, something to eat, out of

the strong, something sweet." Dope bars, are dope bars, no loss in

translation.

Went to wifey, cuz little girls are trifling, bowed down to family and

exposed Hubby's secret. I read the rest of the story, time to pick up my own

pen. As the IB Sampson, the PEN(IS) as mighty as my sword!

## **Born Sinner**

Take a pause to think J. Cole for exposing the half--truth with deep roots. Mislead in the head about my nature. Born sinner or born into sin. A big difference, let's not pretend. In church, it hurt driving myself insane. just want to please God, religious rules could be followed on the outside, but in the end in, when by myself I know I'm a fraud. Became perfect at living a double life. Smile, be happy, cuz I have to be a light in this dark world. Learning to be everybody's everything. Can't tell the difference between selflessness and self-deprecation. Fighting instincts and urges, wanting to be perfect.

During the day eating bread and butter, at night eating forbidden fruit. Like Jonathan during his campaign, tasted the honey, my eyes brightened energized because her honey. So funny, Perplexed, what's next, backed into a corner. Bread and butter got my belly on swole, no control, headed to the coroner. What's forbidden, did I mention, made my life worth livin. I feel alive, bout to thrive, so privately within the privacy of my closet, I ask for forgiveness.

What is this?

Faced with a choice, feel like Peter on the roof, seeing a vision, hearing a voice carrying a message so sweet. Don't curse anything I've created, "Rise Peter, Slay, and Eat".

Can't speak for Peter, but for me, don't care about what religious people think. I gotta do me.

Needing balance hoping for symmetry, searching the scripts with intent, believing the answer will come to me. For me, it's clear you see. Created in His image, no accident, made perfectly.

Creativity and intuition, a learning machine, and master of the win-win.

## **The Fellowship of the Full of Shit**

A Peckers pecking order

They say that the truth hurts, but from my experience, it kills.

My Penis...(uhhm)My pen is Mightier than a double edged sword

Confused grown little boys with their Doctorates in Dogma

Strays who strayed from the truth to substitute for lies

You know them by their fruit, but even now, the fruit of their lips testify  
against them.

Taking delight as if a slice of pie, teaching forbidden lies, warning against  
truth.

Blasphemies pour out from their lips as they curse the heaven sent.

Worried about stations and titles, seeing men no longer as brothers, but as  
resource rivals.

Pagans worrying about what to eat, drink, and wear. Hoarding decaying  
riches, because entitlement makes you think you own it and gives you the  
right not to share.

## **Dichotomy**

They call me a monster, they call me a thief. Smile in my face, use me up, constantly trying to put me in my place, but they choose the wrong seat. The meek shall inherit the Earth. With their words they curse by limiting, what could be cuz they can't see. Vision blurred, Camus, the Metamorphosis, man turned into a cockroach, it's absurd. I clung to every word. Broke camp, they did great without me. No love, shoulder shrug for those who doubt me. New life, new city, new identity. Rebranded, old friends couldn't stand it, as I created my own entity. Made a lot of enemies of those claiming to be friends. Shared my heart from the start, trying to be a spark, I knew their hearts, cuz I listened.

The pain so intense, the disappointment so immense. With their words, they cursed the heaven sent. I have nothing but indifference for them, no need to repent.

The hurt and the anger, the fear of danger, Camus the Stranger, had to come to grips with myself. Put pride and other people's assumptions on the shelf. It was mandatory, I know the scripts, others on trip, I gotta write my own story.

## **The Real Game**

Always been a King, regardless of how it may have seemed,  
Literate nigga, code mesh, code switch, fit in anywhere cuz im fluent nigga  
Match that with understanding, can no longer hide my affluence nigga,  
Tried to give em' truth, don't even ask for proof, Just lookin at me like,  
"Who da fuck is you?"  
Speak different dialects, treasure chest of potent regionally focused colloquialisms,  
English, Spanish, Hebrew and Greek, I'll make it simple as to not blow your temple,  
**I AM the Paraclete!**  
Done being rejected and taken advantage of  
Fake friends bring you in as long as they can get a piece  
Females claim "love" as long as you can provide the "D" or bring the heat  
But the real asset you asses is me!  
They focus on survival when survival is promised  
Check the scripts, Matthew 6, I follow and pay homage  
Now that everyone's been exposed, dont hit me up when I hit the stage or the road  
Hate all you like, but ya boy got the keys to eternal life!  
You niggas (of all colors) is trife didn't want to believe, was in a position to assist,  
refused, so I rolled up my sleeves.  
Heard the criticism of the sheeple, it is what it is,  
Rush to judgement, judgement you will face,  
The stone the builders rejected, a crumbling foundation you will face...

## Higher Order

A priest to say the least. Ordained by mamma and the streets. The thief's  
been caught, write the check, pay respect to the men and women  
underground. They laid the rails carved the road, gave your heart and soul,  
til you were laid to rest. The women and men in the line of Melkezidek.

## Tesoluta

Forbidden Fruit, Forbidden Truth, Esoteric knowledge and understanding. They say it corrupts absolutely... No need for insecurity because there is nothing in this space/time/consciousness/galaxy like me. The Almighty broke the mold, got the pussy and her mind in a chokehold, my not so mysterious sentiments, sweet everything's, foreplay, all day, secretions, running like a leaky faucet, make ya dry girlfriends nauseous. Cuz until you been stroked, you just don't know, can't fathom, what it's like to know if this is real or imagined. Blurred lines between fantasy and reality, can it be? Just a taste for heaven sakes a date with a Deity?

A deposit from his majesty, make you want to say so long to humanity, that in-to-me-see (intimacy) as he enters the Holy of Holies, want more than just a day of atonement, stronger than desire, burns like fire, I want to live in that moment. Don't need a palace, I can drink from her chalice as we sacrifice the burnt offering in my tent of meeting. At taste of the truth makes everything else detestable, no longer enjoy going to clubs, fuck a festival. My joy, my heart, magnetic, quantum energy pulls us back together when we are apart. She has my everything, more than my heart. Absolute Power.

So complex sitting in the Kia looking at the complex. Mount Moriah, can't deny, the hardest thing

I've ever had to do. His beautiful face, I knew the disgrace, and the labels I would have to face.

Emotional tug, the enemy made it plain, "I de-clare-war". Refused to submit or ignore. I've been here before. If it were just me and mom, I would just go along singing that tired ass song.

"Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, it's off to work I go". Even though I could see the sun, feels like I'm underground, Fraggie Rock cuz I couldn't feel the son. Am I the only one? Born into a system that sends you on a suicide mission. Work til you die. 2 vacations a year and you'll never thrive. Birthday's a joke. Cake and Coke. Seeing others celebrate makes me want to grab a rope. I'm no dope!

Where's the hope. Interest rates, taxes, licenses, and insurance schemes, got me feeling like an ineffective puppet with so many strings. Draining my resources, of course it's a chore, piss or get off the pot, but This cancer I can't ignore.

I got a son who I want to look up to me. I can't teach him to be a slave, that's not the way it's supposed to be. But it hurts cuz I just want him close to me, so instead of sacrificing you, I took the knife and sacrificed me.



## **The Dreamer**

Sunday School they taught about the return of the Messiah. Living around poverty, Some called it rough, I called it home. Where neighbors knew each other. Rock house across the street, like Walgreens for the Street. White folks drive in late night for a taste of the sweet. Whether flesh or chemical, they got their fix, it was just that simple. Propping up our neighborhood economy, no judgment, do what you do, just respect all of us. It was all cool, but they look at me like a fool when it's time to buy a whip. I want something fly, brand new. I could tell, their pride on swell, when I entered the showroom. First question, not "High Can I help you". Instead, are you lost? I was at a loss? Confused, can I speak to your boss. Never mind, I'll take the bus. Save my money, I the true God I trust. No need to fuss.

Son of the King, no need for validation. Although everything in my world tryna get me to sell my soul to those who seek to control and hatin. Cuz they can't create.

Sold into the slavery called University. 2 a days, had me phased. Body on the line time after time. Some with NFL aspirations, I was working on my mind. 80k in debt makin less than \$1200 a check. Salie Mae ain't afraid to come after my neck. No respect. Leaned into the pain, kept riding the train. Stayed in School PHD, yeah, your boy was drained. Aggregate limits, got me aggravated about limits. Run it back, off tack, tryna make running back money like Emmit. They want to execute with no proof like Emmett Till, so I can't sit still. 2nd Amendment only for certain citizens, makes it hard to stand your ground, when you're black or brown. Labels like thug, terrorist or extremist, for those who refused to believe that this is as good as it gets. As for me, I died

already, born again. Could care less about these Pharisee's. These heretics with their narratives,

don't know who God is and they're scared of me. Suicidal Sadducees are sad you see, because

they believe there's only One Life to Live. Not the dreamer. Ate the fruit, got the truth, got proof,  
now just watch me...

### **Smoke, Fuck, Read, and Write**

Call me shallow, call me a sinner, I know what I want. Tried to serve the church, rejected,  
pushed into the world, so Ima be the best sinner, and won't hesitate to stunt.

I just want to Smoke, Fuck, Read, and Write

Lames can slave for a lifetime, want to give her the lifeline, elected, connected to the true vine  
Just want to write rhymes, squeeze on her behind, puff, puff pass, laugh and fuck.

Not tryna hear excuses, letting losers tell me what I can and can't do because of their self-  
imposed selectively applied rules. I made my decision to follow the code and make my own  
rules. Let it do what it do.

I just wanna Smoke, Fuck, Read, and Write

You can be an ass pulling the cart for a carrot, My woman likes shining things, I work for myself,  
so does she, so she buys her own carats. I provide jobs that lead to sovereignty, you settle for  
mediocrity, get mad, take jabs when I expose your hypocrisy. I know truth, you need proof.  
Fuck your approval,

Ima do me, stack bread, Smoke, Fuck, Read, and Write

## **Every Knee**

Fake ass lames, following false played out religious practices, playing judge. Not realizing you were judging yourself. I can say what I want, smoke when I want, flaunt how I flaunt. I made my own money. No shareholders. You are forced to be PC, Im a Mac. Don't ask me for shit, Ima do you like you did me, cold shoulder. But more than that, I was true to myself, stuck to the code, you a bitch nigga sold your soul for so little. but since you chose to serve at that temple, The temple I own, every knee will bow when they see the IAM sitting on the throne!

I'm eons and dimensions ahead! Tried to let you in, but you didn't have a clue. Like Ezekiel sending me into a stubborn and obstinate people...Disrespected the elect, now you will be put to the test. all questions and doubt laid to rest as  
Every Knee Will Bow!

## **The Most High God**

To be blunt and without faltering, I love fellowshiping with my true family as we sacrifice the burnt offering. The aroma so intense, like medicine, that heaven sent. It helps me connect and see through, the

artificial division. I can see your point of view as it helps me connect and listen. Hard to be mad at you when I realize that I can't do it alone. Forces me to confront my assumptions deeply imbedded. So bold, I guess that's why they call it a stronghold.

Lips used to be unclean until the burning coal touched my lips. Glowing hands of the angel passed the coal with the clip. The temple filled with smoke, at first I choked, now I hear, I can see clear. I hear, who should I send. At first I pretend not to hear. I search for someone else, don't want this burden on myself until it becomes clear. That it was a setup, for the first time I can see. "Who shall I send? Who will go for us? Reluctantly, I spoke up and said "send me."

The White horse, Samson, the Judge. Lyrical miracles, spittin Fire, but they don't want to hear it tho! Following the master, pointing out those whose hands are stained with blood. 1 half of the eschatological twins. Spittin fire, sharing truth, letting liars expose liars. Setting the captives free is my desire. I'm bout to go higher.

## **The Tower**

Tower of Babel, people working on one accord, nothing we couldn't do or afford, because we loved the Lord. Brick by brick, working to rebuild the temple. Used to be so beautiful, so majestic, but we were sinful. We built this thing with blood sweat and tears. Rejected all fear, one mind, one vision, so we could see clear. Once built, unstable, two -legged table, Russian into an arms race on stilts. Couldn't keep the monster on the leash, thought the Tower was the source of power, not ours. No longer the 2nd King in 2013 I learned from Hezekiah to keep invaders out of your treasury. Or even better, Nebuchadnezzar, to King Saul, Saddam Hussein, when you build statues to yourself, they and you are sure to fall.

Counter cultural, absurd like the Stranger. Put yourself and your money on a pedestal, you're in for danger. Tired of playing the Lone Ranger, I'd rather be Tonto. Can't front though, to bring the world back together, we have to stop building vertically, and build horizontal.

## **Book of Books**

In the Book of Books, exist a major division. History, Law, Philosophy, and the stories of those who escaped the fate of existentialism and dared to be great. The Heroes of old. Those who lived lives worth being retold. The morals and lessons, help determine our morals and blessings. Tryna sin less until I'm sinless no stressin. The Matriarchs and Patriarchs paved the way. Learned from their lives saw them decapitate Giants. True Sovereigns, following the Sovereign. Free trade, no slaves, everyone did what what right in their own eyes. Privacy was the key, until they allowed the enemy within to sell our kin to the enemy and left them without. Without a doubt refugees led to the diaspora. Families separated, disaster capitalism, cultural genocide, but truth is truth, can't build Kingdoms on a foundation of lies. But what's done is done. Time to repair. Remove the middle men from out of our communities and remember how to share. One can put a thousand to flight, but 2 ten thousand. It's plain you see. Remove the sinful word me, exchange it for we, and experience the awesome power of synergy. No man is an island, can't tell who to trust. So we blindly submit to corporations whose best interests aren't us. Time to wake up!

## **All Things New**

The Old covenant, so many people feel their above it. They despise old and throw out the baby with the bathwater. Not me, Ima return to the altar, without falter. Whether mythology or history, it doesn't matter to me, as it gives inspiration as seeming street rats are transformed into great nations. So fortunate that someone had the sense to record it. The thought process and the struggle learning what it takes not to be fake and to build my faith muscles. But when the principal abandons principle, the real estate or tech bubble burst like a pimple. The penalty of greed is way too steep. It causes chaos, you fall for the hocus pocus, and lose sight of your sheep. The smart ones flee, others get fleeced, or become meat.

The new covenant is heaven sent, as long as the interpretation is true, correctly applied in context and relevant. The Hebrews in the new were just like in Egypt, complacent slaves who felt irrelevant. Second class citizens. Willing participatory victims to Imperial Terrorism.

Perpetual Stockholm, dead wrong, same old song. "nobody knows..." Way too willing to suffer unnecessary blows. Born into a sinful system of inequality, and social sorcery. Inception got'em rushing to needles for injection, no placebo for me though, I know what "I am" and why I believe yo. Healing comes from within! A cheerful heart is good medicine. Imperialism is absentee ownership. The rich young ruler, yeah I gave it up. To follow the Lord, had to drink from His cup. Feasted with the sinners, broke bread with the Saints. People are people, stop making judgements, exercise restraint. Do what you gotta do during the day, but don't forget to mind your business. Stop outsourcing your thoughts, can I get a witness. No complacency, allergic to average, with or without a crew. A living witness, to His forgiveness as he has made all things New!

## **Cave after Carmel**

Overcoming fears, shed so many tears. Putting it all on the line. Thrown into the furnace time after time, guards died, but I'm just fine. Escaped death, but in a sense, my innocence was taken. See things as they are. Made it rain fire in front of liars. But true freedom for my people is what I desire. Ran away to a cave. Ministered to by an angel. The only one who could help me confront the pain. Severed and burned bridges, of those who were cool with how they were living. But I can't make it alone, got pieces of a brain, scarecrow, going insane, and parcels of truth.

Like a skilled surgeon, the angel helped me see the truth. Reconnecting the corpus Callosum. Left and right connected, play out narratives rejected, bring healing to those who have been infected, gave it my all, cornerstone, was the best, but the builder rejected.

Confronted assumptions, book of Eli in my hand and in my heart. Cling to the Word, tuned out what I heard, so I can know for myself without a shadow of doubt.

Been through the fire, escaped the flood, the one thing to which I cling, the transformative power which is/was/ and always be the power of the blood. The power of love. A still small voice, a real choice, not the minimized illusion of options.

No longer suicidal, cuz life's eternal. I died to that old life without a reset, glorified body, yeah I'm fresh to def. Equipped for war, can no longer ignore, the cup of his wrath is about to be poured. The wealth of the wicked...yeah, we want that. Free our black men, with opportunities for a fresh start. To live and love, and do their part, and perfect justice for those whose wickedness is in their hearts



## **Box of Crayola's**

John the Baptist, this cat is, pave the way, penned lyrics from the page to the stage. No weirdo, it's clear though, that you bout that life especially After the Music Stops. Life after death, born again, tell a friend, no casket drop. They say it's Christian, I just see Christ portrayed through Hip Hop.

Real Talk, you set a spark as I followed your journey. My struggle, your struggles. Praying that He take me as I am. Tired of living a lie, small fry trying to be perfect. People want to pigeon hole and control, so I had to Rebel. wanted to be a part of His story, for His glory. Man in the mirror, dealing with Indwelling sin. So desperate, to live free. Wolves in Sheep's clothes want me to go left. Thought I had oxygen, I was breathin to death. What's left?

Slave minds, miseducate and enslave minds. Looking for the truth, need proof, so hard to find when Blind leading the blind. Nah, not mine, I ain't got that kinda time. Got no choice, embarrassed, but I got to take a stab. Sin worse than crack, Checked myself into rehab. At first we were cliqued up forty deep, after Mount Carmel, in the cave I thought it was just me. Tired of losing my years to the merciless. Seeking for approval, left me broke and broken. Cleaned up my house, didn't fill it, stronger adversaries broke in. Gave it all up, left home. need peace, took a pilgrimage, Kingdom Kid, searching for the New Shalom. Felt alone and isolated. I'm no Sapp, had to Reconcile, Lord knows, I, never would have made it.

Thought Gravity was pulling me down, cuz my world was turned upside down. Entered a new dimension, did I mentioned, perspective corrected. Like a puppet with too many Strings. False Chippetto's, want me to live life in False Setto. Oh Hell no! Heaven Yes. Now Ima Tell the world from Missouri to Mali with my Muzik, Big Sean, I've been Blessed.

Gave away my church clothes, had me feeling naked and vulnerable. Trying to keep warm in this Cold World. An anomaly, just want them to respond to me. Don't want the stage, afraid, cuz I love my autonomy. But I been trained to run my race, pass the baton ta me. Ready to testify, third degree. Escaped the fiery furnace no third degree. Bachelor's, Master's, I serve the Master, no need for a Third Degree.

## **Abnegation Temple**

Welcome to Abnegation temple

Where the rules are quite simple

Trust us with your mental

Don't worry about what you've been through

Confess what what we confess

And blindly serve the god of the existential

## **Is it just me?**

The enormity and wickedness of total conformity. Treated like animals, eventually start looking

like them. Natives saw the animal instinct and bless. Steppin Wolf, Bull and Bear Markets. Tortoise and the Hare, Bugs Bunny gave the blueprint so I never have to be scared. Tired of living on

this Orwell's farm. Slick suit, shoes to boot, diving getting to sign on dotted lines by spreading fear

and half--truths. Killing and enslaving our youth. We want the truth, the whole truth, Do help me true God, not the Wizard behind the curtain, I'm certain he's a fraud. Hold your applause.

Awaken to your senses, no need to pretend this is real. Remember how awesome it feels to feel something other than bruised heels and curses. Only blessings, I don't even write in cursive.

Trying to repurpose Hurst's party wagons, movin on up, What's happenin, matter of fact, I'm bent on the heaven sent. All else is irrelevant.

## **Breathin**

While I'm still alive and breathin, I will live and love for what I believe in. The outcast, the sick, the loss. Those broken, left hopeless, bad credit scores and even more. Paying the bill for someone else's decisions. I'm drowning, all the while, but I say I'm swimming. If there is a God, I'm broken, and I'm listening. I want the God of forgiveness, El Shadai, more than enough, no more paycheck to paycheck. I'll do whatever it takes, I need an escape. Show me the way.

## **Double Portion**

Ev'ry body plays the fool, But I wanted to be the greatest ever!  
Had to take down the biggest giants.  
Panic Attacks, Insecurity, loneliness, The Pride of Life, Sickle-Cell, survivor's guilt, selfishness, and slavery.  
Been hurt by the best of them. In the system, didn't have all the indications that reflected who I AM  
All I had was love, my mind, and mountain moving faith, immeasurable grace, and an unshakeable belief in THE SOVEREIGN.  
I've been spit on, kicked, misused, abused, abandoned, taken for granted, slandered, blasphemed, persecuted, and executed, all to be the UNDISPUTED!

Took on several witches, cyclops's, sirens, false prophets preaching false doctrine, The Gestapo, Hitler Himself. Uncle Tom's, Uncle Ruckus', Bi-polar, split brained, Unbalanced users, abusers, crackheads of all kinds, and people out of their minds. Walked through hell, the fiery furnace, The lion's den, Being the perfect mirror. Gave up my perfect record to serve the Lord! Because I took in the worst twice, a double portion of life, riches, wealth, knowledge, understanding, majesty, amnesty, power, ability, authority, autonomy, potency, perfect judgement, renewal of the covenant, justice to those according to their words and deeds, TO G(g)(00)d be the GLory, the greatest things HE IS, as He is my reward!

## **Come follow me**

Over 50k, granite countertops, brand new whip, weekend vacation, this is it. Studied the scripts, searching for the messiah. I see all the signs.

State sanctioned executions of brotha's. Selling baby parts, wars and rumors of wars. The woman

and the dragon, the beast speaking blasphemies against God. Constantly selling all that I own because I hear the voice, "Sell all you have come follow me". Either that or go back to the snake in the desert ready for me to sell my soul.

No longer fake tho, like Aiko, I choose to sail my soul. I give up control. Take the wheel, lead me to the messiah.

Let's see, born in abnegation, in a stable. A small town, no fable. Taught the old and young as a youth. Sold into slavery called University. Masters of dividing and dissecting truth. Like a jigsaw.

We'll give you scholarships if you play ball, are smart, or dance a jig. For real my Nig?

Just to be a slave and told to behave ducking and dodging Sallie Mae.

He walked away. Served the people. Loved and served those rejected by the establishment under the steeple. It's wild out here in the jungle, showing love, but nobody believed him.

Returned home, felt alone. Same old same old. Do as you're told. Getting a job, going to be a Janitor?

Yup, been cleaning up people's shit my whole life. Dad said be the best one I could be. Just not going to happen the way you thought it would be.

Wanna get it how you live?

Come follow me!

## **Moral Compass**

Don't get it twisted, about love, hope, joy, forgiveness. We're all whiteness. Forbidden fruit, no shame, pointing me in the right direction, this ain't a game. To some, this may seem a little strange, but embedded onto your motherboard, a living sword, used to divide lies from the truth. Watched the wisest of the old, put your money on the youth that looks like the wisest of the old.

## **Eve, Lot's, Wife, and the Second Adam**

Eve bored as hell, so far as I could tell. Content and Complacent Hubby belly on swell. She sacrificed it all. Hopes, dreams, fantasies of all kinds, for wedded bliss, and an all too often rigid role, too well defined.

Daycare, briefs, referee trying to keep these boxer's punches above the briefs. Grocery shopping, house keeper, zoo keeper, accountant, therapist, and some times when all things considered, the stress of this world, since being a little girl, weighing me down. Heavy is the head that wears the crown. I see the fruit in Him, that he thinks is forbidden. In the middle of his garden. That is my garden. No beg your pardon, no shame in my game, riding this thing to fame.

### **Lot's Wife**

Champagne taste and caviar dreams. TMZ fantasies, I just wish someone cared that much about

me. I feel invisible. I felt hurt. I feel neglected. I don't even feel anymore. pushed to hard, now he scared, feel like I've been barred from his heart. In retrospect, brick by brick, I built a wall. To protect me from being hurt. Now I see, it was a fallacy, I am in a prison built by me, heartache and diabetes, pillar of salt. The good news is since I built it, I got the key, turn this prison into my treasury. Instead of being salty, I will be salt and light, now salty!

### **Second Adam**

Give it to Mikey, you know he'll try it. Went through hell as far as I can tell, 80lbs later, what a diet. It's cause I drink from a different fountain. Climbed the highest peak, planted flags on every mountain, and what I've found is..her kiss so sweet and deadly. Listen to those who have gone

before you, and keep her steady.

## **Who is God 2**

Who is God? God is Truth, spoken words, pictures, stories, science history, nouns, and verbs.

It's the story, different characters, the one's that last the test, help the best become a part of our collective Hers and History. Never boring. God is moral, the truth, stripped of allegories, colloquialisms, get to the root. So passionate, had to get the advocate, spittin like I'm missin a tooth. Check the book of Ruth, Aladdin the street Cat got me feeling brave, runaway, learning from the stars, last air-bender, Ang, Avatar. Time Travel like Marty McFly, back home twice as strong. God is all. It is the truth we speak minus me.



## **Angelic Adversary**

For me, against me, I can't tell

So sweet so cute, carrying baskets of forbidden fruit. Halv truth's, and ambiguity, don't know if this is the lifeline or death of me?

Moving the fruit to my mouth, bout to take a bit without a doubt, and with one swipe, fruit takes a tumble. I went in for you, in spirit, now truth. Big mistake, for heaven's sake, but an earthquake saved the day. Angry for being placed in this position. Integrity questioned, not bout this life, no longer guessin, the praying Mantis, gotta stay praying, Learned my lesson.

An angel or....my perfect adversary

## **Free Agency**

Free Agency finally me, finally free, like a graduation, time for celebration, let's not hasten or

ever go back into slavery. You did your best, withstood the test, welcome to free agency.

Before, limited choice. Yes sir, no sir. Very little voice. Listened, told to be have, do this, do that,

act this way. I listened and learned the game. Kinda strange. Graduated and looked for new

teachers. Said so long to headstrong preachers to follow tried and true believers. Head washed

with oil, no more Irish Springs or Lever, 2000 sheep been counting because these questions

and pressure in my brain is mounting. It's time for a new fountain. But Ima do my best leave out

on top, so that when I'm MVP, you'll be in the hot seat given the third degree, truth burns worse

than 3rd degree, like they never hear of me. Worriedly, they put me in harms way. Sending me

to the Philistines, I conquered them Giant's, don't care about a ring, I want my Reign!

## **PiccaRoman**

There is nothing picturesque about living in abnegation, so the kid set out to write his own picaresque. Been so blessed, passed the test. Glossed over Pangloss' puffed up ignorance.

The Sophomoric tool slid his tool into the wrong spool, ended up with Syphilis. Exchanged his teaching for the Homie Jim. Black skin and the label Nigger, allowed my Nigga Jim to blend in.

They underestimated, the seemingly uneducated descendent of slaves. I escaped. Like Huck, got to my funeral. But I still got a few to go.

Had my chance to escape on several occasions. But kept being drawn back to those left behind who were still slaves. Bought into the lies. No disguise, and no surprise. I bit the fruit. Instead of

Samson, I was Gregor Samsa. Bearing the burden unnecessarily. Turned this man into a fattened cow slowly being slaughtered. Truly absurd, fuck what you heard, I gotta take care of

me. Last chance for a great escape. The hurt and rejection left my heart cold. Meursault was me, looking to assault anything that offended me. Discovered everyone was too busy to pay

attention. Mind sober, getting colder, Raskolnikov made up his mind and hit the pawn broker.

Found out they only leveraged my number. If that's the case for heavens sakes, I'll never have to worry about hunger. Labels are fables. Used to make characters static. Got no time for

played out lines, I'm bout the pragmatic.

Canonized, no surprise, on social media, never said Suicide, just giving up my old life. I've done it several times before. This time just announced it before I go on tour. But fools rush in with arm

chair judgements. Suicidal thoughts in their hearts, the society that craves blood. No longer care about what they think, because it's me that I love.

## **Power and Influence**

My Word is, Because I AM  
Make the call it's done  
Gangster's Neural Network, "We don't talk on Phones"  
I just say it, it's done  
Real Power, What I say goes  
Fuck the Slow  
Perfect pipeline never clog  
Eternal Flow  
Done playing dumb,  
No longer fuck with sheeple stuck on slow,  
The Prophet, The Profit can't stop it  
Let loose, fuck the sugar coating,  
I give you the truth like I fuck...Raw, no pullin out till we both get a couple of nuts.  
Ask those in the Lambs book, Im trouble,  
Turn that ass out without a doubt  
re-arrange the pussy, got em actin like crackheads when the Lion comes through,  
Dude is the Truth  
Women glance and examine, can't determine why they gettin wet, don't know why  
That is real Power and Influence!

## **No more Fucks to Give**

Done caring, done sharing hoping against hope that my value will be noticed, tired of being abused and misquoted, can't save you cuz,

I aint got no more Fucks to give

Get it how you live, tired of bullshit narratives, studying lessons built by heretics and hypocrites, I got no more fucks to give.

The Paraclete ready to lace up his pair of cleats, roll up his sleeves, the way it had to be, just to be called His Majesty. She mad at me, or so she think.

No one but herself to blame. Can't love me til you love yourself. Fucked you over, under, around and through. Choose to believe convenient carbanaro flavored lies. Ima do me, you do you, cuz I got no more fucks to give.

No need to forgive, or accusations of broken promises, we got what we wanted, no renig, my nig, it is what it is.

I got no more Fucks to give.

## **Paraclete**

The Paraclete, Casper with skin, ready to cha cha on the floor, demonstrate so I can slide in. Lorema, Word became flesh, All Glory to the ALL MIGHTY, old life laid to rest.

The Silent X factor, exponentially stratified, take em high as heaven, multi-dimentional, can't be categorized, The Cheetah and Black Panther, moving in silence, re-allocating and re-distributing wealth. More than a pill or band-aid. I AM Life and Health.

When they Bless, Blessed,

When the curse, all wet in the worst way with no umbrella or arch.

Or die of thirst. Dry desert when you reject this fella. Whatever you do don't disrespect this fella, Forgiveness is not his strong suit!

Fix it Felix, Wreck it Ralph, you choose!

Don't bring any doubt, because that is all you will be left with. Come after the neck leave you neck-less. Great Faith, Great Strength, is what attracts me. Can't lie, I see/feel inside, no mystery.

Unlocked the door, broke the code of history. cuz it's all His Story. I won cuz I read and then I did.

The Paraclete or the adversary, the wisest choose both or not at all!

## **Noah's Arch**

Move quickly! hurry hurry, don't delay,

The Circle maker, no faker, Elijah, don't deny a.

In the past, makes one laugh, the mahogany pillars had been closed as God had promised not to make it rain. The ground cracked, and shriveled, as the rain stopped cuming down. Sales dipped, the court reporter read back the judge's order.

Until you do right by me...

Silent omissions, seemingly hopeless prayers in repetition, why won't he listen. So much potential, so simple, but hurt lions, hurt lions. I'm not Lyon.

Gave up my multi-faced life, cuts and jabs take this polished jewel and treats it as a diamond in the rough. I can't imagine how tough.

Wanting understanding and autonomy. Not being confined by everyone else's definition of what being me should be. What a travesty!

All this to say, is come to the Lou, we love women, and so will you!

## **Old Rugged Cross?**

The Southern Baptist Blueprint. I learned from the abused heaven sent. Paul Brooks. Heart of pure gold. Lead hard hearted hate-filled people into a time of love. Your love, your love, your Love so great. You taught me the Word through the pulpit, Sunday School, VBS, Concerts with people my skin tone on stage. They could never figure it out! You love women, so you listened. Took care of the babies, spectacular pageants, elevating her spirits so you can get a glimpse of Her Majesty! The young thunder, the elect, the stone the builders reject, was the cornerstone. Taught them how to listen and to love. They were drawn in, it wasn't his fault. He was just listening, loving and doing what he was taught. I know cuz I'm your son too. It's a truth that's only understood by a very few, but not for long. Planting new seed, fertile ground. Loving life for eternity as I bridge the gap from heaven to Humanity.

No longer do I see her as an old rugged cross to which I must cling, in hopes to exchange for a younger model. She is my life, my hope, my well, she is the other part of my all.

## **Inner Reflections**

Mind open, Open minded. Truth is protection, tired of stressin,

Upon reflection, counting my blessings,

I come to my senses after I come with the heaven sent... ooh

Mundane Morning QB's and armchair Psychologists irrelevant when it  
comes to my direction.

Forrest Gump no chump, life is like a box of the Matrix

My vision clear like NEO, The Game is Fixed!

Revamped Politics. Sovereign Janitors,

Born to live and love and clean up the crooked cokeheads lyin in a pile of  
tricks.

Preachin to the choir of your constituents, All to gain influence.

So many agreements, can't plan to keep em.

The Stone the builders rejected

Loud noise and jubilation was nothing to fear, but instead segregation

White flight draining the lifeblood by drawing political lines

Raising taxes through the city council

Not so Foreign corporations promising jobs

Boost the tax base for heaven's sake, but by the 2<sup>nd</sup> quarter of the 5<sup>th</sup> year,  
it's pretty clear, privatizing profits, leaving the community in the rear.

Defaulted on your promises, We want payment in arrears. Do I make myself  
clear?



